AMERICA'S #1 SUPER HERO!
ECLIPSE COMICS
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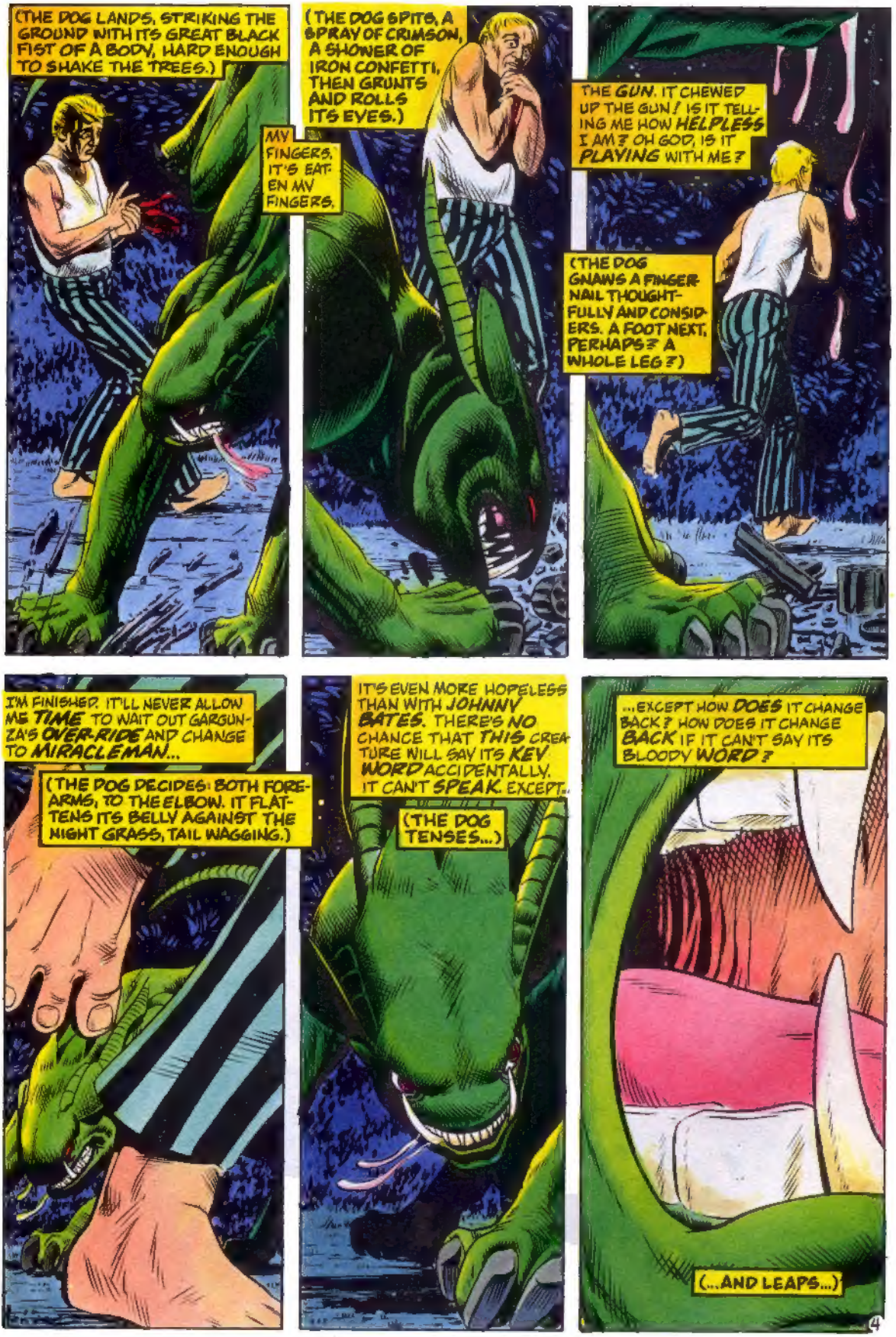
MIRACLEMAN
№ 7
FLOOD CONTROL COMICS
GULACY '86

MY SOFT BODY JUST STANDS HERE, INNARDS PROTECTED BY NOTHING MORE STURDY THAN SKIN, USELESS AS PAPER.
I CAN'T MOVE. MY MIND'S LIKE A DANCEHALL FIRE, A CROWD OF TERRIFIED VOICES ALL SCREAMING INSTRUCTIONS AT ONCE...
(THE DOG DRIPS BLOODY SLOBBER AND CRUNCHES ITS MOUTHFULL OF RAZORS TOGETHER.)
ONE VOICE SCREAMS "RUN", ANOTHER BELLOWS "SHOOT IT! SHOOT IT!", A THIRD PLEADS WITH ME TO REMAIN STILL...
A DOZEN FRANTIC OPTIONS, ALL HOPELESSLY UNWORKABLE. IN THE BURNING DANCEHALL THEY'RE HAMMERING AND POUNDING, BUT THE FIREDOORS ARE LOCKED.
(THE DOG CROUCHES, AND ITS MUSCLES HUMP AND GRIND LIKE RUTTING BEASTS BENEATH THE STEAMING LEATHER SHEETS OF ITS FLANKS.)
IT'S GOING TO JUMP.
I RAISE CREAM'S GUN...
(IT HAS FURIOUS EYES, AND AN ERECTION. IT HAS A DEAD MAN ON ITS BREATH...)
1

...AND THEN THE GUN IS GONE...
...AND TWO OF THE FINGERS THAT WERE HOLDING IT...
AAAA! AAAAAAA!
...AND MY SOFT BODY JUST STANDS HERE, MAKING ITS SOFT NOISES.
BODIES
ALAN MOORE: WRITER CHUCK BECKUM: ARTIST RON COURTNEY: COLORIST
WAYNE TRUMAN: LETTERER CATO YRONWODE: EDITOR

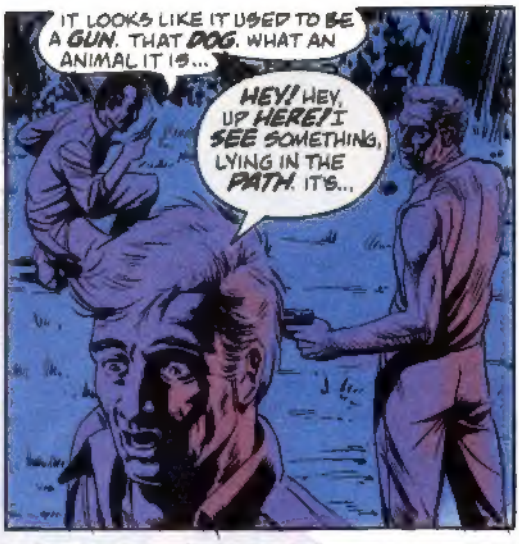
WELL? HAS SHE CEASED WHIMPERING YET?
THE SEDATIVES HAVE TAKEN EFFECT, HERR DOKTOR. SHE SLEEPS.
GOOD. WHILE SHE CARRIES THE CHILD THERE MUST BE NO UNNECESSARY STRESS. SHE MUST BE TREATED WITH CARE AND RESPECT.
AFTER THE NATIVITY, YOU CAN GIVE HER TO THE MEN.
SPEAKING OF WHOM, YOU HAD BEST DISPATCH A PARTY TO FIND WHATEVER REMAINS OF CREAM AND MORAN.
THEY LEFT FORTY MINUTES AGO. PLUTO WILL BE FINISHED WITH THEM BY NOW.
I WANT TO SEE THE BODIES.
IS IT SAFE TO SEND OUT MEN? THE DOG IS NOT BACK YET, HERR DOKTOR...
AH, WELL, YOU KNOW HOW HE IS. HE LIKES TO PLAY...
...BUT HE IS A CLEVER LITTLE DOG. HE KNOWS HE HAS ONLY AN HOUR, AND WILL NOT SPORT FOR TOO LONG. HE'LL RETURN SOON...
SEND OUT THE MEN, AND TELL THEM NOT TO WORRY IF THEY ENCOUNTER PLUTO.
HE'LL HAVE EATEN.
3


(THE DOG LANDS, STRIKING THE GROUND WITH ITS GREAT BLACK FIST OF A BODY, HARD ENOUGH TO SHAKE THE TREES.)
MY FINGERS, IT'S EATEN MY FINGERS.
(THE DOG SPITS, A SPRAY OF CRIMSON, A SHOWER OF IRON CONFETTI, THEN GRUNTS AND ROLLS ITS EYES.)
THE GUN. IT CHEWED UP THE GUN! IS IT TELLING ME HOW HELPLESS I AM? OH GOD, IS IT PLAYING WITH ME?
(THE DOG GNAWS A FINGERNAIL THOUGHTFULLY AND CONSIDERS. A FOOT NEXT, PERHAPS? A WHOLE LEG?)
I'M FINISHED. IT'LL NEVER ALLOW ME TIME TO WAIT OUT GARGUNZA'S OVER-RIDE AND CHANGE TO MIRACLEMAN...
(THE DOG DECIDES: BOTH FOREARMS, TO THE ELBOW. IT FLATTENS ITS BELLY AGAINST THE NIGHT GRASS, TAIL WAGGING.)
IT'S EVEN MORE HOPELESS THAN WITH JOHNNY BATES. THERE'S NO CHANCE THAT THIS CREATURE WILL SAY ITS KEY WORD ACCIDENTALLY. IT CAN'T SPEAK. EXCEPT...
(THE DOG TENSES...)
...EXCEPT HOW DOES IT CHANGE BACK? HOW DOES IT CHANGE BACK IF IT CAN'T SAY ITS BLOODY WORD?
(...AND LEAPS...)

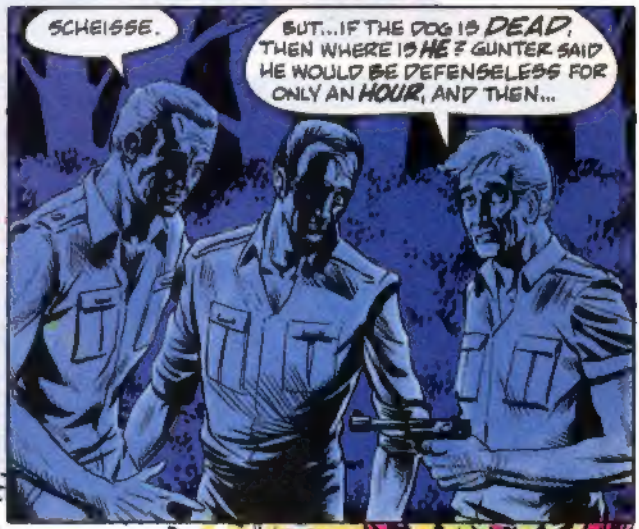
AAAAAAA!
WHAT IS IT?
A-A BODY. THE DOG HAS BEEN AT IT...
WHICH ONE? THE DOCTOR WILL WANT TO KNOW.
I..I DO NOT KNOW. THE HEAD IS MISSING...
IDIOT! IS IT THE BLACK ONE OR THE WHITE ONE?
IT'S THE BLACK. THE WHITE ONE NO DOUBT LIES DEAD NEARBY.
YES, I SUPPOSE SO.
I-IT SEEMS SUCH A PITY THAT HE HAD TO DIE. WHEN HE ATTACKED THE RANCH... HIS OTHER BODY. IT WAS SO BEAUTIFUL...
HA HA! HEINZ IS IN LOVE.
NO. HE WAS A VISION... THAT BLONDE HAIR. THOSE BLUE EYES...
WHEN I WAS A YOUTH, OUR LEADERS SPOKE OF A NEW KIND OF MAN. AN UBER-MENSCH. JA?
I SAW HIM THEN, IN MY MIND. I SAW HIM AGAIN, TONIGHT.
WE WAITED FOR HIM TO COME FOR FORTY YEARS... AND THEN WE KILLED HIM.
IT IS ALWAYS THE WAY, HEINZ...
IT IS ALWAYS THE WAY.
5

IT'S COMING. ONLY SECONDS LEFT NOW...
THE DOG CAN'T SAY ITS OWN KEYWORD. GARGUNZA HAS TO SAY IT FOR HIM. WHAT WAS IT? WHAT WAS THE WORD? WHAT DID HE SAY?
UHHFF
IT WAS SOMETHING FROM HERMAN HESSE. DEMIAN? NO. SIDDATHA? NO...
STEPPENWOLF.
WOOM!
AAAAAA!
I CAN'T HEAR, AND MY FACE AND CHEST ARE ALL BURNED, BUT THE DOG... THE DOG HAS CHANGED. IT STANDS THERE IN THE SMOKE, GROGGY AND CONFUSED.
I PICK UP A ROCK FROM THE GRASS AT MY FEET...
...AND THEN I SMASH ITS BRAINS OUT.
THE SMELL IS TERRIBLE, AND ONCE THE ADRENALINE RUSH HAS PASSED I THROW UP.
AFTER THAT I WAIT.
JUST WAIT.

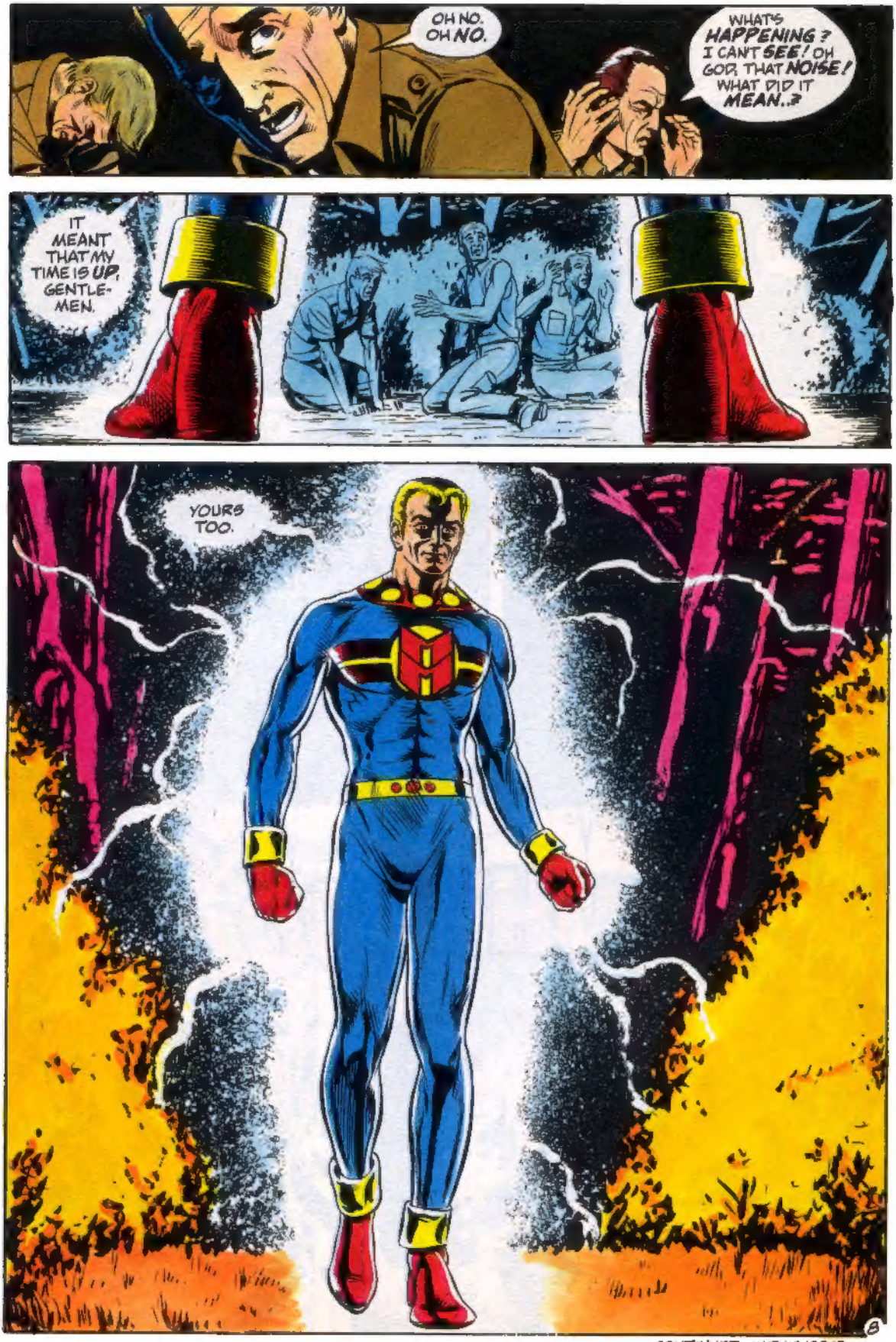
HEINZ? ERNST?
WAIT A MINUTE...
I'VE FOUND SOMETHING.
WHAT IS IT?


IT LOOKS LIKE IT USED TO BE A GUN. THAT DOG. WHAT AN ANIMAL IT IS...
HEY! HEY, UP HERE! I SEE SOMETHING, LYING IN THE PATH. IT'S...

THE WHITE MAN? IS IT THE UBERMENSCH?
N-NO. NO, NOT UBERMENSCH.
UBERHUND


SCHEISSE.
BUT...IF THE DOG IS DEAD, THEN WHERE IS HE? GUNTER SAID HE WOULD BE DEFENSELESS FOR ONLY AN HOUR, AND THEN...

VUHVOOOM

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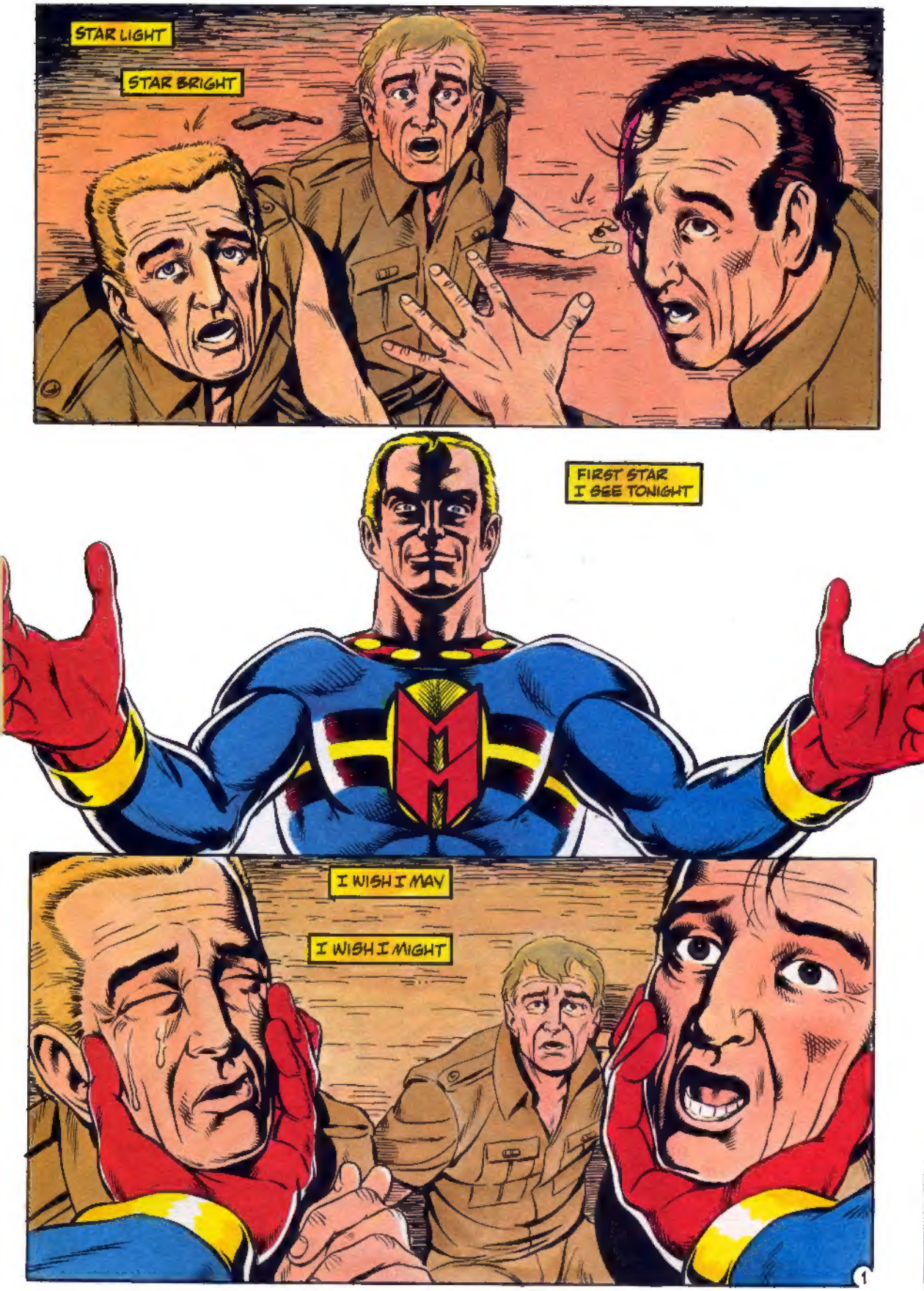
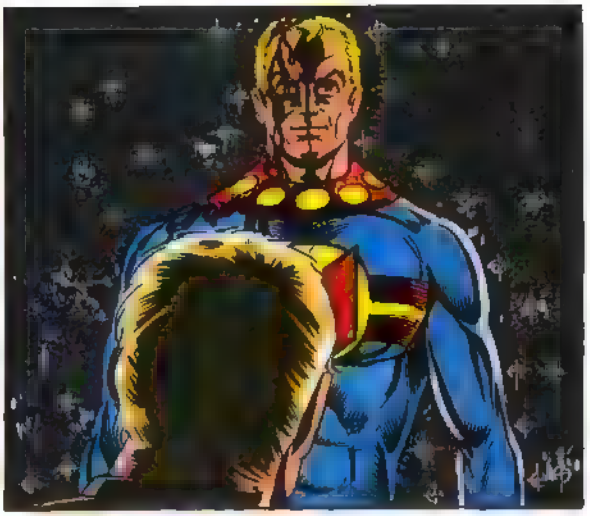
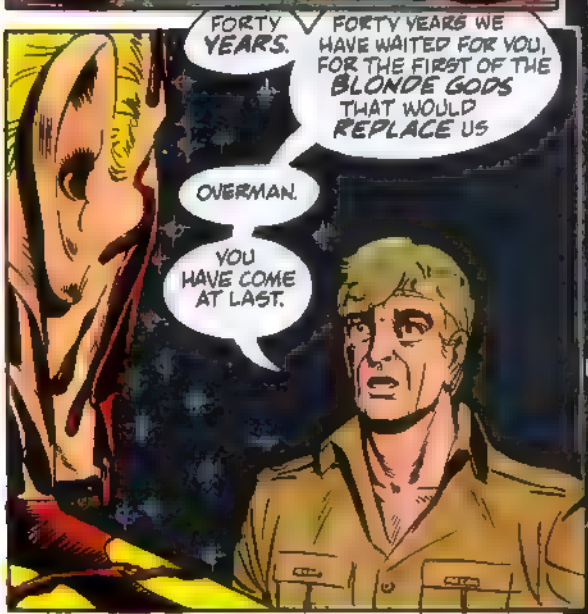

STAR LIGHT
STAR BRIGHT
FIRST STAR I SEE TONIGHT
I WISH I MAY
I WISH I MIGHT

HAVE THE WISH I WISH TONIGHT.
The WISH I WISH TONIGHT
ALAN MOORE
WRITER
CHUCK BECKUM
ARTIST
WAYNE TRUMAN
LETTERER
RON COURTNEY
COLORIST
CAT & RON WODE
EDITOR




FORTY YEARS.
FORTY YEARS WE HAVE WAITED FOR YOU, FOR THE FIRST OF THE BLONDE GODS THAT WOULD REPLACE US
OVERMAN.
YOU HAVE COME AT LAST.

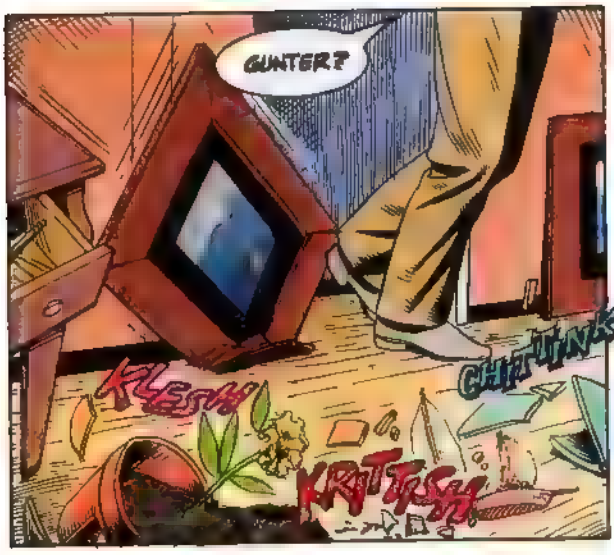
YES.
YOU CAN GO NOW.

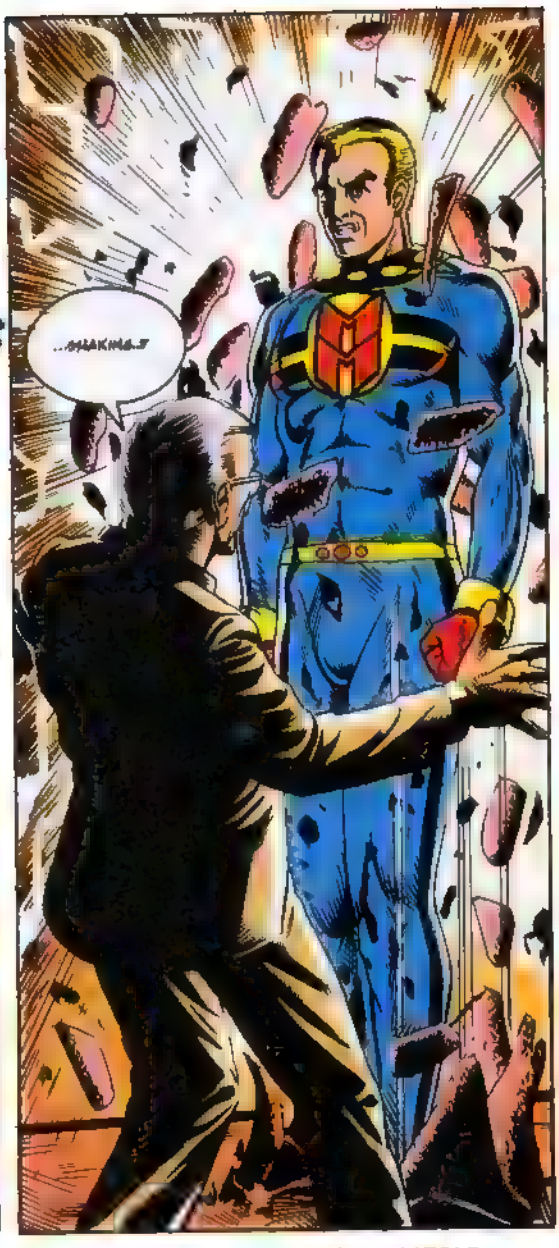
I DO NOT WISH TO INHERIT THE WORLD. IN IT, THERE ARE ONLY TWO THINGS THAT I DESIRE...
ONE IS MY WIFE,
THE OTHER IS YOU

YOU, GARGUNZA
YOU

...WHO MANIPULATED MY LIFE; WHO ABDUCTED MY LOVER; WHO ATTEMPTED TO KILL ME; WHO THREATENED TO HARM MY UNBORN CHILD...
OH, GARGUNZA GARGUNZA, GARGUNZA, GARGUNZA.
I BEGIN TO MOVE.
TO MOVE; FAST AND HARD THROUGH THIS FRAGILE PLACE, THIS PAPER WORLD MEN LIVE IN.
THE HOUSE OF MY ENEMY HAS BRIGHT LIGHTS. I SEE THEM THROUGH THE BRITTLE TREES.
I'M COMING, OLD MAN.
I'M COMING

RED JEWELS CRAWL DOWN MY ARMS, ACROSS MY FACE, PROPELLED BY THE SLIPSTREAM.
I GO UP.
I FLEX MY BACK, SO THAT THE STARS AND TREES FLIP OVER...
I COME DOWN
RUKKUNCH
5

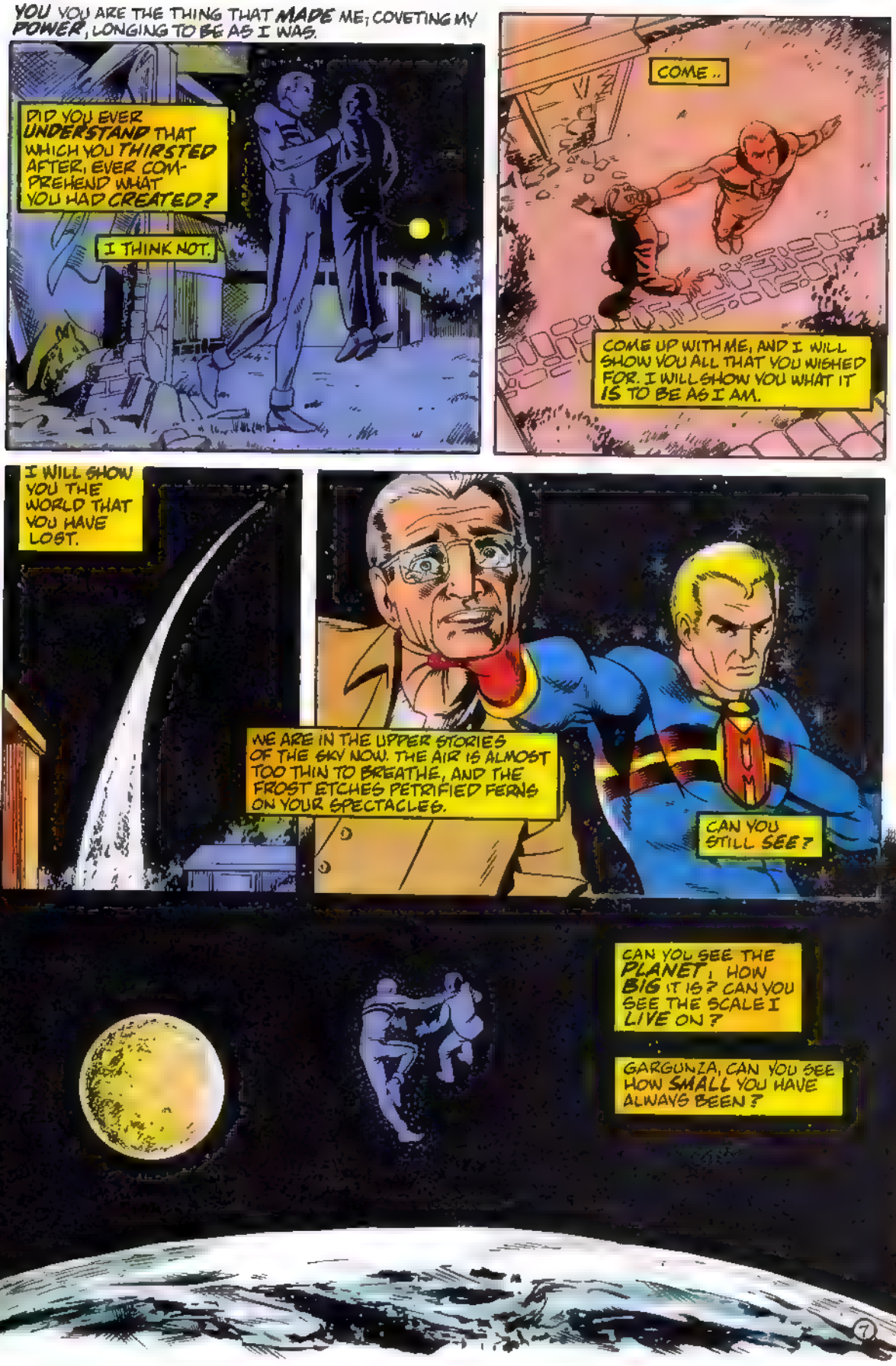

GUNTER?
KLESH
CHIK-TINK
KRATASH

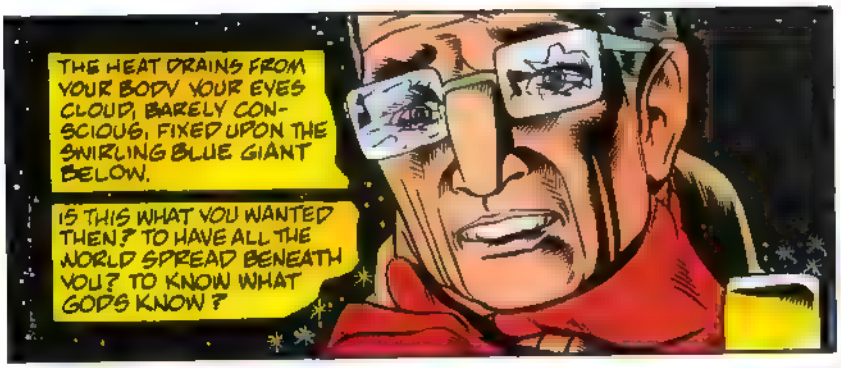

...SHAKING...

GUNTER, WHERE ARE YOU?
WHAT IS IT? IS IT AN EARTHQUAKE? WHY IS EVERYTHING...
SKLASH
KLUTUMP
PLING

YOU START TO SPEAK YOUR OVER-RIDE WORD, ALMOST BY REFLEX...
AB-

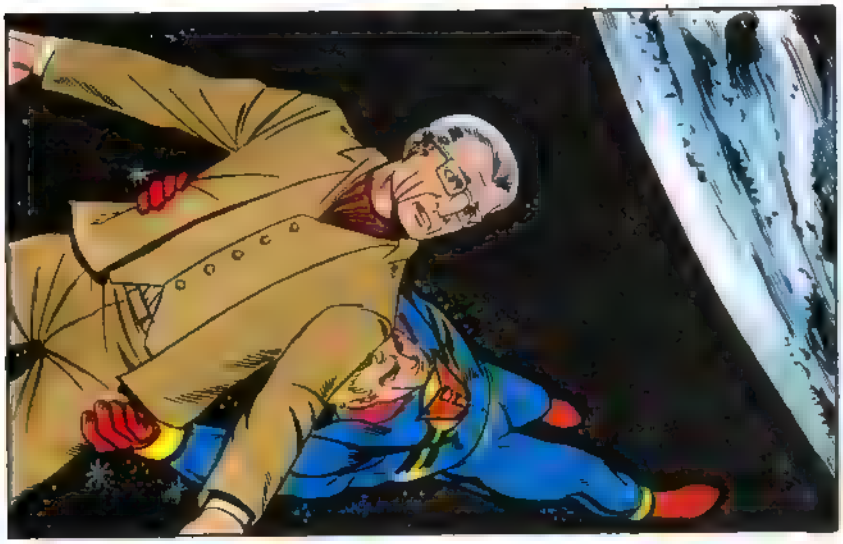
...BUT THEN MY HAND IS ABOUT YOUR THROAT...
..AND I AM CRUSHING YOUR LARYNX...
..AND YOU CAN'T SAY ANYTHING AT ALL.


YOU YOU ARE THE THING THAT MADE ME; COVETING MY POWER, LONGING TO BE AS I WAS.
DID YOU EVER UNDERSTAND THAT WHICH YOU THIRSTED AFTER, EVER COMPREHEND WHAT YOU HAD CREATED?
I THINK NOT.
COME..
COME UP WITH ME, AND I WILL SHOW YOU ALL THAT YOU WISHED FOR. I WILL SHOW YOU WHAT IT IS TO BE AS I AM.
I WILL SHOW YOU THE WORLD THAT YOU HAVE LOST.
WE ARE IN THE UPPER STORIES OF THE SKY NOW. THE AIR IS ALMOST TOO THIN TO BREATHE, AND THE FROST ETCHES PETRIFIED FERNS ON YOUR SPECTACLES.
CAN YOU STILL SEE?
CAN YOU SEE THE PLANET, HOW BIG IT IS? CAN YOU SEE THE SCALE I LIVE ON?
GARGUNZA, CAN YOU SEE HOW SMALL YOU HAVE ALWAYS BEEN?


THE HEAT DRAINS FROM YOUR BODY YOUR EYES CLOUD, BARELY CONSCIOUS, FIXED UPON THE SWIRLING BLUE GIANT BELOW.
IS THIS WHAT YOU WANTED THEN? TO HAVE ALL THE WORLD SPREAD BENEATH YOU? TO KNOW WHAT GODS KNOW?

THESE WISHES ARE SMALL, AND EASILY SATISFIED. YOU WERE MY CREATOR, ALMOST MY FATHER AND I GRANT THEM FREELY, AS MY PARTING GIFT.

GOODBYE, GARGUNZA
GOODBYE



STAR LIGHT
WOOMF
STAR BRIGHT
FIRST STAR THAT I SEE TONIGHT
I WISH I MAY
I WISH I MIGHT
PTOK
HAVE THE WISH I WISH TONIGHT.
9
TO BE CONTINUED...

# MIRACLEMAIL

P.O.BOX 199 GUERNEVILLE, CA 95446

Dear Editor and Alan Moore:

I enjoy your *Miracleman* book—it seems to me to be the best realistic treatment of a superhero that I have read so far. It's difficult to realize what a novel concept a superhero can be when he lives in a world undiluted by thousands of other superhumans flying around the city—the situation in most other comics.

I've just finished *Miracleman* #6, and am left on the edge of my seat until next month. Not having access to *Warrior* magazine, I inferred from art, copyright dates, and style changes that the second part of the main story is new, while the first is reprinted (good God, did you really leave your *Warrior* readers hanging like that?). I was a little disappointed at so much of the book being backup, although it was good backup. I'm just anxious to have the storyline progress. Of course, the dog-creature won't kill Moran—it would be a short series if he did. I'm just curious to see how he gets away (make the creature chase a stick for fifty-five minutes?). One comment—it may have been more consistent to show the "Miracledog" as a superbly developed normal dog, a sort of giant Doberman/whippet mix, rather than as a giant lizard-thing. After all, Miracleman doesn't look like the Creature from the Black Lagoon, does he? Oh well, it's scarier this way, I suppose, although a six-foot Doberman may be pretty threatening in its own right.

A few questions and situations that I hope to see resolved in future issues:

Why did Gargunza wait so many years for Moran to have a child? How long would it take before Gargunza figured out Moran was probably sterile in his human form? The obvious alternative would be to try Miracleman instead. Was Gargunza too afraid of Miracleman to arrange for Moran to find out about his alternate identity, change himself to Miracleman, and produce offspring? All it would take to resurrect Miracleman safely from a distance would be an anonymous postcard sent to Moran with a phone number written on it and instructions to ask for "Mr. Kimota."

Does Gargunza know about Johnny Bates still being alive? He managed to track down Moran in his civilian identity after everyone else assumed the Miracleman family had been destroyed. He even found Young Miracleman's destroyed skeleton. Why would he assume Bates was dead with no evidence? If he sent agents after Bates, and Bates killed them, even that would be cause for suspicion, and Bates would not have been capable of mental manipulation so soon in his career. Was Bates's first, desperate evil act the manufacturing of a charred skeleton from some handy victim for Gargunza to find? Would it have fooled a geneticist? I think not.

If Gargunza does know about Bates, why hasn't he done anything about him? If he needed a superhuman offspring so badly, why not use Bates? Obviously, Bates would hate Gargunza, even if he still didn't know about the dream programming—after all, he was told the A-bomb was a trap by Gargunza—and would kill him on sight. However, Bates wouldn't even have to *know*. Judging by his attitude toward the nurse, and his evident lack of responsible behavior, it would seem probable that England is already crawling with "Miraclebabies." Was it too hard for Gargunza to track down these one-night stands? Did Bates, fearing the potential danger to him that might come from any other superpowered being, practice birth control? One shudders to think of his methods—not all of them need have been prenatal.

If Bates is for some reason useless for Gargunza's purpose, why hasn't Gargunza killed him? Gargunza possesses an override command that can change Miracleman into his human form against his will. It's ridiculous to suppose that he hadn't prepared Young Miracleman and Kid Miracleman with a similar override command (in fact, it's probably the *same* word, since the likely danger situation at the time the override was prepared would have been an attack by all three at once).

Incidentally, this would give Miracleman an excellent reason for not killing Gargunza (I assume you don't want Miracleman to kill off one of your best villains, do you?)—Miracleman needs to get Bates's override command from Gargunza to deal with Bates when he returns as Kid Miracleman.

Does Bates know about Gargunza being alive? How did he find out that all his adventures were faked? Did he find out at all? Miracleman just assumed at first that it had all been "hushed up" because it happened so long ago. How did Johnny deal with it? Why didn't he contact the people in the government that he thought were friends? I hope to see, possibly as a back-up feature, more of Bates's background, similar to the excellent background piece you did on Gargunza. I'd like to know how a superhero is corrupted.

If Bates knew about Gargunza, why didn't he use his vast resources to track him down and kill him years ago? What you have between Gargunza and Bates is a conflict that should have been going on for years now. It's unlikely to the extreme that each doesn't know the other exists, and if one found out before the other, one of them would have been dead years ago. If Gargunza and Bates are ignorant of each other's existence, a good explanation is necessary.

Quite a few questions and situations . . . more, in fact, than I had in mind when I started this letter. Naturally, your book is plotted many issues in advance, and you have probably resolved many of the plot holes I have mentioned. If not, well, maybe there's a story idea or two floating around in there.

I'm looking forward to future issues. Please don't be afraid to raise prices or even cut down the book frequency if it keeps the quality up. Beckum is very good, but don't lose the dark backgrounds and somber tones that set so much

of the mood. Oh, and sorry to see Cream go. He was a crook, but a very interesting character. By the way, who are Rebbeck and Lear?

Sincerely,
Tom Brosz
PO Box 60547
Sunnyvale CA 94088

*Tom, we had to shorten your letter a little to fit it in. As you can see, some of your questions are moot, due to events occurring in this very issue, but other points you raise may well be addressed in the future. Rebbeck and Lear? "They need not concern you now," said Gargunza. But, then, what did he know, eh?*

* * * *

Dumb Editor,

*Damn* you! *Damn* you all to *hell* for *killing Mr. Cream* and then *leaving* me *hanging!*

Rancidly,
The Rocket Ranger
PO Box 10101
Erie PA 16514

*Other than that, how did you like the play, Mrs. Lincoln?*

* * * *

Dear Miracle-makers,

Greetings. I held off writing to you because I thought I'd wait for the new stories to come out, but I decided I just couldn't wait any longer. I hope that what I write here will be considered useful and constructive to your magazine, as I am a long-time fan of its lead character.

As you can probably tell from the paragraph above, I followed the adventures of Marv . . . oh, ah, excuse me, *Miracleman* when they first appeared in the now-defunct *Warrior* magazine, so I am ahead of most of your readers at this stage. I've been awaiting the chance to see the future progression for MM ever since that magazine's demise, and am glad to finally have the chance for several reasons which will be placed below. I also have a few theories I'd like to try out on you.

First, I've always been interested in the relationships between Mike Moran and MM, and both of theirs with Liz Moran. Since Mike and MM have discovered that they are not exactly the same person, Mike has been shown as a depressed, pot-bellied, slow-witted man who runs away from his problems. I believe this was in a miscalculated move to show the superior mental and physical properties of MM versus Mike's human fallibilities. It's an okay try, but in my opinion wrong in this case. Mike Moran was an orphan who picked himself up after waking up in a hospital with most of his body broken, and went out and created a life for himself. He didn't get rich and powerful like Johnny Bates, but he did it all *without* MM. So let's show him with a little more personal strength in the future.

Secondly, as for the Miracle Family's powers, instead of the normal 10-20% brain usage by normal humans, the clone uses, say, 50-70% of his. Since all humans have latent psionic potential (telekinetic, levitational, whatever) their "opened minds" allow them to tap into some of these abilities. As to the dual-bodied aliens, could it be that their evolutionary processes had taken them to the point where their society couldn't progress naturally, so they decided to induce a further evolution scientifically? This way, their society could benefit from the expanded mental, physical, and technical capabilities, as well as remove other obstacles from their future societal plans. Gargunza also has a good theory with his space suit thought, but this too would fit into my theory.

Finally, as for Bates not having the power to change, simply put, he still does. The only reason he can't now is because his conscious mind is currently in a state of shock, which has overridden the brain implant. Both his minds have turned inward (thus the scene with both aspects of his personality trapped within himself), so he can't mentally trigger his power. As soon as one of his aspects takes control again, he'll be able to make the change.

Take care, and here's wishing you success in the future. Always remember, if your mind's in the right frame, you can create miracles. Get it?

Yours truly,
Jody R. Martin
809 Tuscaloosa St
Greensboro NC 27406

*This issue we think you saw Mike Moran display as much courage and resourcefulness as any hero, Jody, so it seems you were right about him. More information about the society of the dual-bodied aliens should be turning up in the storyline in just a couple of issues, some of it planned by Alan since the beginning. As for Why Johnny Can't Change—perhaps, as Tom Brosz suggests above, it's part of a long-standing Gargunza scheme. Or . . . perhaps not.*

* * * *

Dear Alans,

Recently, while watching an episode of *60 Minutes*, I saw a piece on an Italian doctor who performed unnecessary abortions. The doctor's manner of speech and dress reminded me of Dr. Gargunza. He was much more evasive than I envision Gargunza as being, however, and with good cause. He caused the infertility of several black women who had come to him in trust. Gargunza has not done this . . . yet. And the pregnant woman now in his care is certainly not in that situation out of trust in him. Kidnapping has a way of breeding mistrust.

I'm glad you made Gargunza's story so believable. To think that this poor pitiful man came from such a violent background and created life out of sheer selfishness and still has not met his goals. It seemed quite natural to me that he gravitated toward Hitler, though his opinion of the man was more clinical than I might have expected. Speaking of

which, are you drawing a similarity between Hitler and Cream? If so, the analogy is fascinating.

So many factors seem to have gone into Gargunza's shaping. From his poor but proud background, to his studies in Europe, to his wonderment in the alien spacecraft, to his mother's death, to his quest for immortality, to the creation of a new type of life. The desperation of the man is self-evident. He is nearing the end of his normal life, and if he is to survive it must be in the form of an Ubermensch, or in this case an Uberfraulein. That he must steal the life of his creation's daughter is so ironically tragic that it must prove to be his undoing.

As to David McGlone's second question, the one about the DNA trands, I recently heard something which surprised me in that area. Scientists have found that though the nucleotides are the builders of the form of life, there are smaller molecular sections between the nucleotides of which they have not yet found the function. Perhaps you'd like to research and develop this . . .

This has become a very Frankensteinian book since Dr. Gargunza came along. Only instead of the monster being the outcast, the creator fills that role. The Miracleman Family tale in the back was very demonstrative of this. Gargunza is the orchestrator of his creations' dreams, as Frankenstein's monster ruled in his creator's. In Frankenstein, however, the monster ends up destroying his creator and then supposedly itself, while I doubt Miracleman will do that. I look instead to Kid Miracleman, whose warped brain has just the capacity for vengeance that Shelley's characters had. Or perhaps, as Frankenstein destroyed his second creation, Miracleman's offspring will be Gargunza's downfall.

Whatever the outcome, I wish you well in what is most likely the most mature golden-age comic I've ever seen.

Scott Wesely
1617 Sioux
Lincoln NE 68502

*It remains to be seen, Scott, whether Gargunza or one of his creations will turn out to be the greater monster.*

* * * *

Dear Miraclemen,

This book is great. I particularly liked the last chapter in issue #5.

I work in a grocery store, and the other day, as I was stocking, I found Kid Miracleman licking his chops on a can of "Ranch Style Beans." So that's how he got rich. Modeling.

Your faithful Miraclefan,
John Reeves
8331 Garden Parks
Houston TX 77075

*Oddly enough, we said "Kimota," and these turned into a can of evil frijoles!*

**Next issue:** The Miraclebaby is born at last, and it doesn't look a thing like Gargunza, thank goodness. Will it be a boy or a girl? Will it have the same powers as the Miracleman Family, or will it have any powers at all? Join us here next month for some of the answers. We'll also have news of a very surprising back-up series unless, of course, it appears in this very issue, in which case it will be very surprising to *us.* All of this wrapped up under a nativity cover pencilled and inked by John Totleben, Alan Moore's frequent *Swamp Thing* collaborator. If you have a favorite artist you'd like to see tackling Mr. Tinkerbell, write and let us know. Also, all of you new Chuck Beckum fans should be aware that his work appears frequently in our anthology comics, *Alien Encounters* (including #7) and *Tales of Terror.* See you again in *Miracleman* #8, on sale in 30 days.

—cat yronwode